This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

THE MOTHER'S VICTORY AND OTHER POEMS

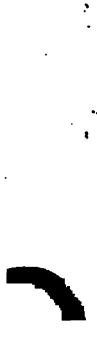
00077112O

THE

MOTHER'S VICTORY

AND

OTHER POEMS.



THE MOTHER'S VICTORY, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

GEORGE ABBOTT.

LONDON:
JOHN F. SHAW & Co.,
48, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1867.

280. j. 94.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY G. J. CROSS, 85, CHANCERY LANE.

TO THE

REV. JOHN CORBIN,

THESE POEMS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Mother's Victory	1
The Captivity	9
Blessings	16
Election	17
Affliction	30
A Christmas Carol	31
The Teacher at the Throne	33
Faith	35
The Complaint	37
A Farewell	39
Eli	41
The Sunset	43
Prayer	45
The Star of Promise	47
An Epistle	49
Not Friends	53
The Flood	55
Happiness	57
The Captives	61
Rain Drops	62
A Wedding Carol	63
God Bless Thee	65
A Dream	67
The Ladybird	69

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Seeking 72
Jesus Wept 74
Where Angels Go 76
A Note 78
The Sabbath-breaker alarmed . . . 79
Friendship 81
The Reverie 83
The Rose and the Holly 89
Old Jacob 91
The Plucked Rose 94
Stray Leaves 96
The Deadly Foe 97
Lionel 106
The High Walk 111
A Fable 113
The Child Perplexed 115
The Pleasures of Age 117
Fond Hopes 119
Wolsey 121
The Mendicant Soul 122
Work 125
The Shepherd's Care 126

THE IDLE MUSE.

Compliments 127
Epitaph on a Retriever 133
A Doubtful Compliment 135

THE MOTHER'S VICTORY.

Her part was done!—A willing sacrifice
To all the bidding of a mother's love,
She'd kept the vigils by her dying babe.
The throne of Grace had heard the frequent prayers
Her fervent soul pour'd forth. Her part was done!
Jesus had made the tiny pillow smooth,
And now her infant slept. No fever'd dream
Disturb'd the sweet composure of his brow;
And life's rude turmoil on his listless ears
Fell powerless. Nor could the fond embrace,
That had so oft the little weakling soothed,

Charm the deep slumber of its tranquil rest:
Jesus had made the tiny pillow smooth;
And so His chosen slept.
A sweet, sweet smile
Spread o'er the marbled features of the babe,
As though the joyous Spirit, ere it fled,
By one fond look upon its stricken shrine,
Had left awhile its bright reflection there.
'Twas oft to gaze upon his placid brow,
And pass her fingers through his clust'ring locks;
Or raise the dimpled arm above the sheet,
Then 'neath the snow-white covering place it back,
The mother wander'd to her sleeping boy.
Not there to weep went she; not there to mourn,
As one whose hope was buried with the dead;
Not there to grieve, wishing her boy once more
With arms entwined around his mother's neck:
Oh, no! she knew 'twas no mischance, no hand
Unseen of God, had left her desolate:
'Twas but a mother's fondness drew her there;
With sweet submission to her Father's will,
A Christian's faith would lead her back again.

And thus a week pass'd on.
A few more hours,
And that dear relic of her darling hope
Must pass for ever from the mother's gaze.
'Tis the last visit that she moves to pay.
With falt'ring step she treads the drear approach;
But entering anon the silent room,—
As if by ministering angels led,—
Her step grows firmer, and with steady hand
She moves aside the shrouding drapery.
Forgive the thought! 'twas but a passing one;
But as her streaming eyes beheld her boy—
Smitten in smiling innocence by Death—
So pale and motionless in that cold embrace,
She wish'd her hand could there withdraw the veil
That hid the sovereign purpose of her God.
That this was sin, she knew, and suffer'd not
A single murmur at her Father's will;
But from the fond emotions of her heart
A silent prayer went floating up to heaven,
That she, to whom her boy could ne'er return,
Might some day go to him.

But one more task,
And she would quit the chamber with a smile.
Ay! smile to think her babe was safe in Christ!
And now, "fresh water to the violets—
I can no more, my boy—sweet blossoms, live,
And o'er the relic of my darling shed
The latest fragrance of a mother's love."
So spake the mourner. Then to quit the room,
And on the duty of the day proceed,
Moved faltering to the chamber door.
But the charm'd power, which till now maintain'd,
Above the raging tumult in her breast,
The smoothen'd surface of a heart resign'd,
E'en at the very threshold's brink gave way;
And stagg'ring backward to the silent room,
With a voice choked in its utterance
By restrain'd grief,—"Thy will be done," she cried
And wept.

No longer by th' excited power sustain'd,
Which lends to nature all a giant's strength
To leave it with an infant's helplessness,

The mourner wept as every hope were fled;
E'en with the wailing of a sad despair
Bemoan'd the burden of her solitude.

The wearied frame may rest; but the tried soul
Still wanders restless o'er the wearying track.
A vision on the mother's senses stole,
And once again did she behold her boy.
His head lay resting on her knee; his arms
Hung careless down; and through his golden locks
Ever and anon her loving fingers stray'd,
As they were fondly wont in days gone past.
The weight of grief still lay upon her breast,
E'en in her sleep. Nor unconscious she
Whence the sad burden of her trouble came;
For, by the dim discernment of a dream,
She knew him dead the while she spake to him;
Call'd him by name, yet felt how strange it was.

"I know that thou art dead, my darling boy;
Why move me thus to take thy flight again,
And add new sorrow to thy mother's grief?"

"Nay, nay! my mother, 'twas to soothe thy care,
That Jesus bade me hither from His throne;
And by these golden wings and sparkling gems,
To let thee know how rich thy boy has grown.
Canst thou not see?"
The visionary change,
Wrought on the mother's senses unperceived,
Gave to her smiling boy a cherub form;
A crown of glory glitter'd on his brow;
And sparkling beams, that from his pinions play'd,
Lent their rich lustre to the transient scene.
But the soft accent of the angel-voice
Out-charm'd all else; nor sound so passing sweet
E'er pour'd its music on the dreamer's ear.
'Twas thus she spake, and thus he made reply:—
"Say, whence those long, sweet sentences, my boy?
When thou didst cling around thy mother's neck,
Thine infant tongue could scarcely lisp her name."

"Yet ere my mother could conceive her loss,
Her son had learn'd to sing the Saviour's
praise."

"Oh, sweet, sweet child, such holy bliss is thine,
That my sad heart doth almost cease to mourn.
How oft, when bending o'er thy cot, I pray'd
That ere the world beguiled thee with its charms,
The Saviour's love should be thy chosen theme.
But thou wilt leave me soon, I know thou wilt,
And I shall still be lone and desolate.
Oh, canst thou not abide with me again?
Stay here! Stay here, my boy!"

"Nay, mother dear,
Thou wouldst not nurse again thy sickly child,
And watch and weep o'er him as in times past?
Thou canst not wish it thus!"

"Nay, spare the thought!
Yet I would have thee here a little while.
Thou wouldst not always pine. Come back, my boy;
And that sweet song thou hast so newly learn'd,
With each glad morn we will together sing."

"And put my little sparkling crown away—

And lay these little golden wings aside ?
Not so, my mother ! Jesus gave me these,
And bade me then his pretty angels join,
Who since have taught me how to work for Him !
To visit earth, and bear sweet souls away ;
And on fair errands fly from star to star.
Oh, thou couldst ne'er engage thy boy like this !
List ! mother dear. 'Tis they who call for me.
Farewell ! "

The mourner waken'd from her trance,
And, mid the rays which through her window stream'd,
Thought she beheld her cherub boy take wing.
Awed by the strangeness of her dream, she sat
Awhile in thought ; then, smiling through her tears,
With all the fervour of her soul exclaim'd,
" Go ! go ! my boy, the Lord hath need of thee ! "
And, with the joyful thought that her glad babe
Should be desired by the King of Kings,
The struggle ceased. No more through sin opposed,
Faith and a mother's love stood hand in hand ;
Neither subdued, for both were conquerors.

THE CAPTIVITY.

FALL'N with Judea—the once supremely blest—
Of God forsaken, and by man opprest;
Doom'd to endure a heathen monarch's yoke,
In mournful strains a captive Hebrew spoke:—
"Now hath the sun of Judah's glory set,
And gath'ring clouds, o'er-big with judgment, met;
Loud o'er our heads the wrathful thunder breaks,
And Zion's woe Jehovah's vengeance speaks.
No more to boast her heaven-exalted reign,
Her scatter'd children wander mid the slain;

In captive chains her proudest sons are borne,
The jest of Babel, and the heathen's scorn.
Weep! Judah's daughters, weep your nation's cares;
But would in Zion ye might shed your tears,
Then would our land behold her children's grief,
And tears meet tears to mingle in relief.
Now dark forebodings shroud her stricken breast,
Lest heathen lands provide her children rest;
Lest, first resign'd, they next too willing grow,
And lastly love the things they loathed to know:
Oh! that our vows with peace her breast might fill—
Bear them, ye breezes, to her sacred hill!
Thence captive torn, no more hath Judah peace;
The minstrel pineth, and his anthems cease;
His harp unstrung upon the willow sleeps,
And gath'ring dew-drops, with the willow weeps.
How long, O Zion! shall thy children mourn—
From heathen bondage languish to return?
How long! sweet city of our joy, how long,
Shall bitter wailing chase thy happy song?"

The Hebrew paused; then rose an aged priest
Whose snowy beard descended to his waist:—
"Children of Abraham, give solemn ear,
Nor to your sorrow add unholy fear.
What! tho' our foes awhile triumphant reign,
If He who smites should turn to us again!
Arise! ye mourners, to your God incline,
Nor longer thus in heathen bondage pine;
Bid Faith attend you while with accents bold
Ye tell the triumphs that your fathers told:—

See Pharaoh's horsemen bound along the plain,
In hot pursuit our trembling host to gain;
Hark! how the thunders of his chariots roll,
While faithless Israel rends her troubled soul;
Fearful, she halts—then in confusion flies,
False to her strength, forgetful where it lies.
More deaf'ning yet, the thunder dins the ears,
And sunbeams glisten on th' advancing spears;
Exulting, Pharaoh marks the sea-girt land,
Nor deems the ocean 'neath Divine command,
Points to the children with triumphant boast
Of vengeance certain for the toil they cost.

Now o'er the camp the fiery pillar moves,
Yet Israel still the God of Mercy proves;
Provokes the spirit of her patient guide;
Sinks in despair, when lo! the waves divide!
Then crystal walls appear on either hand,
And form a passage o'er the golden sand.
Still, onward press'd, the madden'd host pursues,
While hot excitement every fear subdues;
With wrath incensed, the thwarted monarch raves,
Nor heeds the menace of the tow'ring waves;
Lifts his proud arm, and Heaven supreme defies,
Till dread Jehovah cleaves the frowning skies,
And mid the cloud where blackest night o'erhung,
Unveils his presence to the heathen throng.
Then sweeps a panic through the frighted bands,
And raving Terror gives his wild commands.
'Back! back! O King,' the stricken warriors cry,
'How durst we thus the Hebrews' God defy?
Nay, forward! King, why tempt the billows more?
Press onward, men! and gain the nearer shore.'
Now, back! now, forward! the successive peals,
Till dire confusion lock their chariot wheels.

In vain they goad and lash their foaming steeds,
Their every effort but the more impedes.
Now on their God they cry aloud to save,
And hear the answer in the mocking wave;
Till o'er their heads the deaf'ning billows roar,
And Pharaoh's mighty host is heard no more.
Now, ponder well!—Our jealous God would see
His statutes honour'd and his people free!

Lo! while we weep, the sons of Babel throng
Deride our tears, and bid us sing the song
Whose rapt vibrations to the heavens did rise,
Nor cease they yet to echo in the skies.
Shall heathen revelry invoke the strain
That sang the triumphs of Jehovah's reign?
Nay, hence! vile princes, tell your vaunting King
His throne shall tremble when his captives sing;
And Pride shall learn, beneath th' avenging rod,
In awe to tremble ere it wars with God!"

With threat'ning lips, and eyes of flashing fire,
With jealous wrath the raging foes retire:

'To th' King!' they shout, 'shall Hebrew minions reign?'
And, fired with passion, speed them o'er the plain.

By care subdued, again the children weep,
Till wearied Nature sighs herself to sleep,
Makes her rude couch before her taunting foe,
And for a little while forgets her woe.
When thus o'ercome, beneath the shades of night
The body lies, the Spirit wings her flight,
Spurns the cruel chain, forgets the pris'ner's doom,
And spreads her pinions for the captive's home.
Where Desolation casts his mantle round,
And straggling vines lie trodden to the ground;
Where Zion mourns amid her barren hills,
And Temple-waste her cup of sorrow fills;
There rests the Spirit, with despairing moan,
And grieves the glory of her nation gone;
When lo! a vision lights the gloomy skies,
And robed anew doth beauteous Zion rise.
No murksome cloud its direful woe distils;
Refulgent glory lights her gladsome hills;

Again her vales in rich luxuriance spread;
And graceful cedars deck the mountain-head.
But lovelier far than aught her land commands,
Bathed in celestial light the temple stands.
And myriad angels shout their thrilling strain,
And joyous Zion chants her hymn again.
'Tis then the Spirit fain would join in song,
Yet vainly strives to reach th' angelic throng.

The while the captive labours in his dream,
Stretch'd 'neath the willow lies his languid frame;
The quiv'ring lip, the features wan and waste,
Now lit with smiles, and now with gloom o'ercast;
The pallid brow, now soften'd, now comprest;
The burden'd sigh that leaves the heaving breast;
A care-worn soul too piteously tell,
Till inward strife the misty dreams dispel;
Then wakes the captive, wearisome and worn,
Fear battling Hope, while each succumbs in turn.

BLESSINGS.

ALL blessings come from God; but oft—too oft—
We know not whence they flow, nor what they are.
The stamp of Heaven—the impress divine—
Becomes effaced so soon as fallen man
Receives the gift; the cup in love bestow'd
He poisons first, then drinks the deepest dregs.
Yet He who fill'd that cup—and marks, with grief,
Ingratitude the flowing good despoil—
Holds not His hand, but giveth yet again.
Oh! wondrous love! that God should condescend
So oft, so bounteously, to ingrate man.
Each passing hour replenish'd good proclaims
His long endurance and forgiving grace.
Well may such thoughts the soul's repentance move;
For Sin is most hideous 'neath the light
Of love.

ELECTION.

Introduction—Deity charged with injustice—The voice of the Word—The unbeliever a suicide—The justice of free grace maintained—The ways of God inscrutable—His Revelation plain—The creed of the fatalist—The error rebuked—The province of Reason—The supremacy of Faith—The believer the elect.

He spake!—Jehovah spake—the One all-wise,
And Chaos fled before a Paradise.
There perfect form and radiant beauty meet,
And life comes bounding to the Giver's feet;
While Eden's song, for countless blessings given,
Unites to swell the hallow'd strains of Heaven.
Next cometh man, with lordly bearing graced—
A sovereign proud amid his subjects placed—
To him doth all this new creation bow;
For godlike wisdom sits upon his brow;
And heaven-born fires, that light his glist'ning eye,
Proclaim the soul of immortality.

Thus would we oft of primal glory tell,
But for the sad reproach—how soon we fell!
Provoked the anger of our loving God,
And wandered outcast from our fair abode.
How dire the woe—how dread the lot of all,
Had God disown'd the victims of the fall,
What pen shall write; what reckless poet dream,
Or waste his numbers on so wild a theme?
Suffice this truth—with all our hopes allied—
That for the world's redemption Jesus died!
" Nay! pardon me," some child of Error cries,
" Not for the world's redemption Jesus dies:
The chosen—the elect—are truly blest,
But where the gladd'ning hope for all the rest?
And where," he asks, " the justice that will bend
To save one child and leave the rest condemn'd?"
Stop! stop! my friend, such evil strains appal;
The Book declares salvation free to all;
Tells how the Son, though now with God enthroned,
E'en on the cross for ev'ry sin atoned;

Shows how His blood to all our guilt applies,
Save to that sin which owns no sacrifice.
Hence he whose life hath Jesus' love denied,
Dies an unpitied, hopeless, suicide.
Such is the burden of the sacred Word,
The written wisdom of our gracious Lord;
Your's the conclusion of an erring mind,
By Satan moved, to shipwreck Faith design'd.
Still, lest profound your reasoning you deem,
I'll even take you on your fav'rite theme:—
The pre-election of the willing saint,
And God's injustice, as your sore complaint.

When from his first estate our father fell,
And eager Justice mark'd his soul for Hell,
He, who alone could such a scheme devise,
Proclaim'd a refuge in a sacrifice.
A spotless lamb, on whom the curse should fall,
Of disobedience; the sin of all—
All who in future ages should transgress,
And earn the wages of unrighteousness.

To this intent—that Adam and his seed
Should by one Saviour live [a]—our God decreed
The curse inheritable—and 'tis plain,
If Adam in his day could not remain
Obedient to his Father, much less then
Could his posterity—more imperfect men,—
So we in Adam fell, and suffer all
The toil and woe attendant on the fall.
And, strange enough! though heirs to so
much ill,
Sorrows untold, and pains innumerable,
We hail the sin, from youth to hoary age,
And add new burden to our heritage.
That 'twould be thus, God knew; before his eye
There hung no veil of dark futurity,
And hence his wisdom treated all mankind
As ruin'd creatures, nor himself would bind
To save at large the whole of Adam's race,
But those alone who, seeking, found his grace.
And since we all have forfeited his love—
Broken the law—what, if his mercy move

To draw one sinner to himself again!
Is he unjust to those who may remain?
Here is the point where you mistaken dwell;
Then list—a simile may serve us well.
The Court assembled, and attention gain'd,
Suppose three criminals at the bar arraign'd;
Sin-harden'd men, whose very looks declare
No vice too hideous to have lodgment there;
Their crime—the blackest 'gainst the deepest love:
Whereto 'twould need a demon-soul to move;
Their guilt unfavor'd by the faintest doubt,
The solemn judge their righteous doom reads out,
While through the court there runs the murmur rude,
That death for such a crime is e'en too good.
And now suppose, when no one intercedes,
He who alone hath suffer'd by their deeds—
And who no longer as a witness sits—
Moves towards one; his penalty remits;
Bids him a pardon uncondition'd take—
Grant him the power for illustration sake—

Say, what the verdict of the list'ning court:
That it is strange, no doubt; such grace unsought
Is marvellous, ere this, forsooth, unknown,
For none but he could save so vile an one.
Or, p'rhaps it blames him for his love, but who
Deems him unjust toward the other two?
Not one! a sin so manifestly great
Resigns the sinner to his wretched fate.
Thus, we contend, our heavenly Father still
Doth no injustice, choose He whom he will.
Had man remain'd obedient to the Lord,
Then all had equal claim to His regard;
But since we stand of wilful sin condemn'd,
Grace may elect,[b] and justice still attend!
Thus far our wisdom can approve the plan;
And since 'tis just the Lord should choose from man,
'Twas just he should elect, ere earth began,
Those whom he would—predestination's theme—
A hidden doctrine we must leave with Him;
For vain at length must all our offorts prove
To sound the depths of his mysterious love;

While sweet the hope the Gospel pages give,
And ours the duty to believe and live.

But yet, methinks, some child of sin's abuse,
Some froward fatalist, will meet me thus:—
" Since none the crown of glory may receive,
Save the elect, what matter how we live ?
Chosen to endless bliss—am I of these ?
Then farewell conscience, let me live at ease ;
But if not destined 'mid their ranks to shine,
Then perish efforts for the hope divine ! "
Misguided man ! ere thus again, reflect,
Lest thine own speech should brand thee non-elect:
Hear thou the Book its sacred truth proclaim,
Theirs is the hope who trust in Jesus' name ;
The faithful saints, who love their risen Lord,
Theirs and theirs only is the rich reward !
Nay ! answer not, I know your error, friend,
And where your reason fails to comprehend.
Or man's free agency, or God's free grace,
One, you acknowledge, may sustain its place ;

But both, you say, the Book can ne'er command—
Attention, friend! perchance you'll understand.
The greatest errors that seduce the mind
Are ever with a show of truth combined;
And clothe their follies with such comely grace,
That to refute them seems a hopeless case.
But learn a secret, for within it lie
The very elements of sophistry:
A fault, o'erlook'd, will hide a like defect:
Accounts misstated may appear correct;
A credit entered on the debtor side
May meet the balance and an error hide,
Till one mistake, by some good hap, is seen,
That proves at once another must remain;
And the account that seem'd so clearly true—
Though falsely stated—must be framed anew.
Consider, then! the truths you cannot brook
Perchance are not so simple as they look.

To grasp the infinite by aid of argument
The loftiest reason proves incompetent,

And he, who, seeking to unveil the throne,
Measures his Maker's wisdom by his own,
A false position at the onset takes,
And hence the train of errors that he makes.
Like some proud youth but newly sent to school,
Who, half acquainted with subtraction's rule,
But yet too wise to bid a tutor come,
Subtracts the greater from the lesser sum:
Take eight from six he can't, so borrows ten—
Writes down the answer—eight does still remain—
Shews up his figures—has them quick return'd—
An error found—he stares—the rule he'd learn'd—
Reviews the sum, nor sees himself remiss,
But tells the master the mistake is his!
Thus you perceive, nor need uncommon light,
A sum misstated ne'er can be brought right;
And finite judgment launched on themes too high
Will surely land us in absurdity.
"Then where the test?" the disputant replies,
With light exultant glist'ning in his eyes,
"Discard our judgment, silence thus our tongue,
And where the standard, pray, of right or wrong?

Or, if our judgment must be sometimes sought,
Where may we use it, and where may we not?"
You argue well, one likes such quaint replies;
But hear anon the standard of the wise—
Hath God revealed?—then gladly seek to know;
Doth he withhold?—then let thy judgment bow.
The servant, ruling in some distant land,
Awaits expectingly his King's command,
And soon as he the royal commission hath,
Examines well the seal and autograph;
Then weighs each word, nor thinks too great his pains,
So he a just interpretation gains.
But here the province of his judgment stays,
The king commanding, he at once obeys.
So take the Book, and when with studious thought
Thou hast at length the wise conclusion wrought—
Ascribed the Gospel to the source of light—
Be thy next care to render it aright.
Then to thy work—fulfil the plain behest,
Nor question aught, for here must Reason rest;

She having guided thee to duty's path,
Resigns her sceptre to the hands of Faith.[c]
Nor doth the rule of Faith e'er tend to slight
The claims of logic, or our reason's right.
He, whose omnipotence created man,
Fix'd in the mind its comprehending span;
Within that limit, if content to dwell,
Logic stands out, and reason answers well;
Aspire beyond it, with presumption bold,
And, lo! a wreck too dismal to behold!—
As some vain bird, in an ambitious flight,
Beholds the sun, and soars to reach his height,
Strains its poor pinions, and comes flutt'ring down
With fall unceasing where it might have flown;
So sinks the mind, with wisdom once imbued,
That strives to reach the high infinitude!
But what the aim of all this argument?
That man, so highly favor'd, rest content;
Too glad to trust the merits of his Lord,
And with a prayerful spirit search the word;
To walk in faith the heaven-directed road,
And leave unquestion'd the decrees of God.

Art thou elect? Hear what the book will say—
Elect are those who pray both night and day.[d]
Art thou elect? Dost thou thy Saviour plead?
If there thy hope, thou art elect indeed.
Art thou elect? If Jesus is thine all,
Thou art elect[e]—in Him thou canst not fall.
By no decree is man to judgment driven,
Or sinner stay'd upon the road to Heaven.
Couldst thou indeed the Book of Life unseal,
And written, legibly, thy name reveal;
Or, turning wistfully those pages fair,
Learn to thy sorrow that it be not there;
Then mightest thou a Saviour fail to see,
And ponder steadfastly the dread decree.
But this denied, if thou wouldst enter Heaven,
Obey the precepts by the Gospel given.
Election rules the conduct of the Lord,
But man is guided by the written word!
Those simple truths the Saviour bids him heed,
So plainly writ that he who runs may read.
At times the Book the veil of myst'ry wears,
And thus its authorship Supreme declares;

And bids our faith with Christian fervour shine,
And hold the truths which we can ne'er divine.

This theme dismiss'd, we hail the simpler strain,
No less sublime, but mark how sweetly plain.
Sinner, whoe'er thou art—the most depraved—
Believe on Jesus and thou shalt be saved!
Or, if thy heart forbids thee to believe,
Entreat for faith, and thou shalt soon receive.
So reads the word—what need we more than this—
What plainer guidance to the realms of bliss?
Albeit, a promise to the saint is given,
When with the ransom'd he shall reign in heaven,
To know the mysteries of the hidden word,
And learn the wisdom of his wondrous Lord.
Till then with patience wait, your cares endure,
Believe in Christ, and make your calling sure!

---

[a] 1 Cor. xv. 22. [b] Matt. xx 15. [c] 2 Cor. v. 7.
[d] Luke xviii 7. [e] Rom. viii. 1.

AFFLICTION.

[After Longfellow.]

There is no ore, however rich and shining,
But dross abides therein;
There is no soul so heavenward inclining
But hath the stain of sin.

The soul's disease engend'reth all our sorrows—
For sin alone hath grief—
When weary days drag forward sad to-morrows,
Which bring us no relief.

Yet while his children God is thus allowing
With trials to contend,
He gives their woe, from evil sources flowing,
A sanctifying end.

While they, impatient 'neath their sore affliction,
Would cast its burden hence,
He leaves the weight to work their soul's conviction,
Of sin the saving sense.

The purest ore hath need of much refining
Ere dross will leave no trace:
The flame must kindle till the metal, shining,
Reflects the melter's face:

So trials and troubles oft-times need invade us,
And cups of sorrow brim,
Till, thoroughly purged, we grow as first he made us,
In likeness unto Him.

Then meek and patiently we'll bear the chast'ning
Whene'er its hour may come;
'Tis precious grief when thus the Father's hast'ning
To lead his loved ones home.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

As the hallow'd day was dawning,
At the hour the Saviour came,
Heaven proclaim'd the Christmas morning,
Earth resounded with His name:

Noon brought many a weary stranger
From afar, his joy to see:
Bethlehem's Babe, within the manger!
Jesus in his infancy.

When the hallow'd eve declining
Tipp'd with gold the peaceful hills,
Heaven's reflections still were shining
On the Jordan's rippling rills:
Chosen shepherds, home returning,
Hail'd the streams that shone so bright,
For their hearts, with rapture burning,
Lent to nature new delight.

But the hallow'd night expected,
Fear'd to veil the eastern sky;
Twilight's lovely lamp rejected
Midnight's gloom, with Jesus nigh:
Then beneath a starry ceiling,
Hearts were lifted up in praise;
Children, by their parents kneeling,
Blest the first of Christmas-days.

THE

TEACHER AT THE THRONE.

ROBED in the meek and lowly dress
That mantles conscious worthlessness,
A Teacher in my vision stood
  Before the throne of God.
Methought, awhile she bowed her there,
And breath'd anew her constant prayer
  For succour from above;
When, lo! I heard Jehovah's voice
Demand the reason of her choice,
As if the Lord of Hosts would prove
  The fervour of her love.

"Wherefore seekest thou my vineyard?"
  Said the Lord.
"Know'st thou not, on outspread pinions
  Cherubim around me shine.
Hath the King of Heaven's dominions
  Need of mortal aid like thine?

Thou, who for thy sin-exemption
Need'st the Son of God's redemption,
Whence hast thou this great presumption?"
Said the Lord.

Then the Teacher made reply,—
"Lord, I own thy sovereign power,
Great and dread;
Thou dost charge the hosts of Heaven;
Hell before thy wrath is driven;
But since thou hast me forgiven,
I would thus thy vineyard tread.
If an earthly simile,
Creature may address to thee,
Bow a list'ning ear, my Father,
E'en to me.

Lo! a child, man's tender offspring,
I behold;
Mark its tiny hands, o'erflowing—
Of a mother's fond bestowing,
Sweets untold;

Nor unconscious of the blessing
In a mother's love that glows,
To that parent's lips 'tis pressing
Of the gift her hand bestows.
Surely, this is not presumption:
The fond mother hath no lack;
Yet she smiles to see her infant
Press its tiny portion back.
Lord, accept thy servant's offering—
In yon babe thy suppliant see;
Then! O, then! my Heavenly Father,
Smile on me."

FAITH.

You ask of Faith. 'Twas thus I dream'd:—
Before its mother's watchful eye
A little blue-eyed infant play'd,
Till, passing eve, the night drew nigh,

And shadows lent a deeper shade;
But ere night's curtains closed around,
And Nature saw the eve depart,
The toys were left upon the ground,
And fear possess'd the infant's heart.
Then to its mother's arms it fled,
And in her bosom hid its head,
And sweetly slept. 'Twas then I said,—
"Lo, this is faith!"

Full eighteen years in dream had flown,
And scenes, with years, had greatly changed;
The tender child a woman grown,
In maiden pride her locks arranged;
And one was standing by her side
Who spake of deep, impassion'd love,
That weal or woe, whate'er betide,
Alike should his affection prove.
And in her sparkling eyes I read,
As to the altar she was led,
So great a trust; again I said,—
"Lo, this is faith!"

Once more my dream pourtray'd the face
Which in its childhood I had known;
But four-score years had left the trace
Of bygone care and beauty flown.
Yet, though on bed of pain she lay,
No suff'ring could her hope remove:
Though heaven and earth should pass away,
For ever fix'd her Saviour's love.
And still she smiled 'mid every pang,
While death-dews on her brow did hang!
Then was I mute, but angels sang,—
"Lo, this is faith!"

THE COMPLAINT.

"Weary of Life!" Oh, ne'er complain
In this desponding, thankless strain
Beneath affliction's rod.
Pause! pause, and think, ere fell despair
Shall from thy faithless memory tear
The good thou hast from God.

"Thou ne'er hadst good!" Speak not thy
shame,
Nor Heaven's all-bounteous love disclaim,
Through thy distracted mind;
But learn, ere thus thy grief replies,
Who bask beneath the sunniest skies
Most keenly feel the wind.

Tired of the world thou mayest be,
If through its gloom thy faith can see
A brighter realm above;
Yet then thou shouldst contented rest,
And own thy Father's will the best,
All trustful of his love.

"Weary of life!" If thou hast sought
On earth what earth possesseth not,
Nor man can e'er create,
Then deem the blow a heavenly boon—
Thou surely hast not learnt too soon
The folly of thy state.

"Weary of life!" Then gird thy loins,
And fight the battle Faith enjoins,
Nor languish here for bliss.
Ay, fight till hence the power is hurl'd
That stays thee from a brighter world,
And binds thy soul to this!

Then, when the conflict's rage is o'er,
And thou hast need to fight no more—
No more by Sin opprest—
The victory gain'd, for Jesu's sake
Thy God shall off thine armour take,
And give thee endless rest.

A FAREWELL.

Farewell! fare you well! far away ye are going,
But still shall ye dwell in our memories dear,
And oft shall we ask what our kinsmen are doing,
And dream of your homes—that we visit you there.

Farewell! fare you well! when the anchor is weighing,
And the sails are spread forth like the wings of a dove;
Then see ye in faith the Almighty displaying
The sheltering wings of his heavenly love.

Farewell! fare you well! when the ocean's before you,
And the shores of Old England recede from your sight,
Oh, trust in the Lord and he still shall watch o'er you,
For oceans unbounded ne'er limit his might.

Farewell! fare you well! should dread terrors surround you,
And the winds and the waves fill your hearts with despair,
Oh, hear ye, above the commotion around you,
The whisp'rings of kinsmen ascending in prayer.

Farewell! fare you well! in the beautiful haven
To meet you in safety we surely shall come:
New Zealand's as near as Old England to heaven,
We know but one Father; we have but one home.

Farewell! fare you well! 'tis a parting of sorrow,
But glad with sweet promise expectant we dwell
To meet you in glory in heaven to-morrow,
And cannot for ever bid any farewell.

ELI.

WHILE Israel with Philistia fought,
And Shiloh mourn'd the Ark of God,
With eager heart old Eli sought
To meet the tidings on their road;
But ere the weighty message came,
Each anxious moment, as it pass'd
O'er laden with remorse and shame,
On Eli's head its burden cast.

Still was his prayer, " Heaven's will be done,"
Nor murmur'd he beneath the rod.
Whate'er his griefs, he felt but one—
The grief that mourn'd the Ark of God.
Then rent the air a cry of woe,
Thrilling and wild, for, garb'd in blood,
A warrior, 'scaped the vengeful foe,
Breathless and faint by Eli stood.

Upspringing from his wayside seat,
" What news, my son? " the watcher cried,
" What is there done? Whence thy retreat?"
" Israel hath fled," the man replied.
Bow'd down with woe, poor Eli heard
Philistia had the battle won;
Yet weightier *still* the news he fear'd,
And still he cried, " What's done? what's done? "

And must I break thine aged heart,
The warrior thought, as thus he said,
" I need must all the truth impart,—
Hophni and Phineas both are dead."

The stranger paused; but Eli cried,
"Hast thou no other news, my son?
Alas! that thus my children died!
But, tell me now, "What's done? what's done?"

"What more have I to tell, my Lord?
Philistia hath the battle won;
Thy sons lay bleeding on the sward,
The glory of our land is gone;
The Ark of God the heathen bore"—
"Alas!" the aged Eli cried,
"Alas, the Ark!" nor spake he more,
But backwards fell, and groan'd, and died.

THE SUNSET.

'Twas on an autumn Sabbath's eve,
When strolling forth alone,
Enraptured with the gorgeous scene,
I watch'd the setting sun.

His glory fringed the purpled clouds,
And left a golden track;
And all his grandeur, heaven-proclaim'd,
The earth reflected back.

The glowing vales, the gladsome streams,
With bright reflections shone,
And softly held his ling'ring beams,
Till heaven and earth seem'd one.

I gazed—then spake my longing heart,
"Oh, that in life's decline,
Around my bed may death impart
A glory such as thine."

When lo! a beating in my breast,
Reproving seem'd to say,
"Go thou and shine from east to west
In righteousness all day."

PRAYER.

When human wants and cares prevail,
Go seek the Lord in prayer;
Nor think, although thou waitest long,
He willeth not to hear.

Ask on, till all thy wants shall cease,
Nor stay thy cry till then:
Shall they who benediction seek
Dictate the where and when?

'Tis ours to bend the suppliant knee,
And ne'er His grace refuse;
'Tis His to grant us what he will,
When love divine may choose.

And well we know our God will give
What serves his children best,
If Faith presents her fervent prayer,
And leaves with Him the rest.

And may't not be, when man shall know
The wisdom of the Lord,
The soul redeem'd will praise him most
For prayers He left unheard?

Then banish far the vexing thoughts
That bring a doubting mood,
And question, ere we seek the Throne,
If this or that be good.

Go watch and pray is Christ's command;
Ask, and ye shall receive;
And if His children ask Him bread,
He'll not a serpent give.

But, trusting Him from day to day,
If e'er in blindness led
We should the deadly poison ask,
His love will send us bread.

THE STAR OF PROMISE.

With heavenly lustre rising,
He sends his rays afar;
The fairest of the morning,
The brightest evening star.

Nor will his light diminish
Through time's remotest span;
For angels saw his glory
Ere Earth its race began.

When dread Jehovah's presence
Shall pale the blazing sun,
With fire celestial burning,
That star shall shine alone.

To cheer a world of sorrow,
His radiant beams are pour'd;
The clouds of woe dispersing
That demons spread abroad.

When the shades of Death have fallen,
And shrouded all in gloom,
With a soft, sweet light he leadeth
The mourners from the tomb.

The captive in the dungeon
Rejoiceth in his beam,
As round the cell he shineth,
For walls are nought to him.

Amid the deepest sorrow
He glitters fair and bright,
And sheds upon our pleasures
A sweeter, purer light.

Yet on the roll celestial,
Unknown to starry fame,
Though brighter than the planets,
He hath not yet a name.

But the faithful hail his glory,
As it shines from Holy Writ,
And name the Star of Promise!
"THE LORD HATH SPOKEN IT."

AN EPISTLE.

I WRITE thee, Marian, with much delight,
Well pleased to tender my congratulation.
So, thou art shortly to become a bride?
And in the sunshine of prospective bliss,
Bid to thy childhood's home a sweet farewell?
What marvellous change a little time hath wrought!
But yesterday—it seems but yesterday—
We play'd together on thy father's lawn,
And talk'd of what we'd do when we arrived
At man and womanhood. Of spreading park,
With stately mansion where we'd choose to dwell.
Of friends, who, pleased with our prosperity,
Would often visit us. Of servants too,
Deck'd in the livery of our childish dreams;
And who, whene'er we hinted a desire,
Would willingly comply. For we resolved—
So simple is a child's philosophy—
To love them all, that they might love to serve;
Nor had we other reason for our guide

Than " God loves all alike." And oft we thought
Of summer rambles to our favorite spots,
Where we could linger long as e'er we would,
All free and uncontroll'd.
Such are among
Our sweet associations of the past,
E'en now recall'd as but of yesterday.
'Tis strange, those happy years whose passage seem'd
To anxious youth immeasurably long,
Should, in the glance of retrospect, be spann'd
As by a few short days. On such a theme
I would not here with much minuteness dwell,
Lest I should weary thee. But oft I feel
The span of time foregone would longer seem,
Had we in memory's garner treasured up
Those common blessings which have strewn our paths
Since first we loved the light: that numerous train
Which, ever suited to our rising wants,
Hath kept us happy even until now:
Albeit, the pictures by the child conceived
Bear small resemblance to the changing scenes
Wherein we play our parts.

Methought these reminiscences of youth—
The sweeter render'd by the meet occasion—
Would to my pen a gentle freedom give,
And gain acceptance for a homely strain;
And hence I greet thee in a brief epistle.
Heaven bless thee and thy choice! This simple prayer
Breathes all the warmth of my congratulation.
I cannot join with those impassion'd friends
Who wish thee joys too numerous to count,
And lengthen'd life unchequer'd by a care.
Nor with those shrewder ones who, overwise,
Would warn thee of as many coming ills,
And at the close of their enumeration
Express some feeble hope and wish thee well.
With neither order have I sympathy:
The former breathe unmeaning sentiments,
Fit but to charm the hapless idiot;
The latter—fraught with much affected zeal
And lively interest in a friend's behalf—
With grave deportment bid thee to beware
Of endless trouble thou mayst never know.
So thankless is their task! Did they, indeed,
By timely words our fortitude increase

Against the day of trouble, it were well;
But since the knowledge of our coming ills—
A knowledge by an all-wise God withheld—
Would tend to make us weak and imbecile,
We would with such enlightenment dispense,
Leaving to good intent its own reward.

Still, let me wish thee all a friend can wish,—
The smile of heaven on thyself and thine,
Till heaven disclose to thee thy better home!
And as in youth we pass'd the sunny hours,
Pleased with our visions of maturity,
So now—yet children in the sight of heaven,
Albeit with a reason for our faith
That winning childhood cannot comprehend—
We'll ofttimes wander through the Land of Light,
In sweet anticipation of our rest;
Talk of the mansions that await us there,
And friends whose welcome shall enhance our joy.
And thus, with th' several partners of our choice,
Dream out our later youth. Farewell!

NOT FRIENDS!

He was faint and sat by the wayside,
The wayside cover'd with sleet,
And full in his ashy features
The wint'ry torrents beat.
His brother, his only brother,
Pass'd heedlessly down the street—
"Go, tell him, his brother's afflicted,
His life on assistance depends,"
I said,—but an answer was whisper'd,
"The brothers have ceased to be friends."

She was sad—the ruthless Destroyer
Had left her widow'd—alone,
No sympathy shared her sorrow,
And hope her breast had flown.
Her sister, her only sister,
Pass'd onward and heeded none—
"Go, say how her sister is troubled,
How faith and affliction contends,"
I said,—but alas for the whisper,
"The sisters no longer are friends."

Charged with the blood of the guiltless—
Crush'd 'neath a penitent's care,
He lay in the prison groaning—
In th' depth of his despair.
A stranger—a loving stranger—
Had stay'd to succour him there.
I listen'd,—for something would tell me,
"'Tis his victim o'er him bends,"
And a whisper came floating from heaven,
"The sinner and Saviour are friends."

Then I said I will love my brother,
My sister's sorrow share,
Ay! though they should have wrong'd me,
They still shall have my care,
For my sins against my Saviour
Outweigh my wrongs by far;
Nor would I be forsaken
When Christ to heaven ascends
With those who loved their brethren
All number'd with his friends.

THE FLOOD.

THERE came a voice from heaven,—
"Make thee an ark of gopher wood,
For, lo! I bring upon the earth a flood."
'Twas done—the faithful Noah
The jest of scoffers bore,
And the huge vessel built,
Where safely he and those he loved might dwell
While the dread vengeance of th' Almighty fell
On a world of guilt.

Again the voice was heard,—
"Now be the sinner swept away,"
And, lo! the waters hasten to obey.
Heavy incessant rains
Deluge the flow'ry plains;
The hills all sunken lie,
Save some tall mountain's bleak and barren height
Where howling wolves, and men, in common flight,
Prolong their misery.

Then rose a piercing cry,—
Drowning creation shriek'd her fear,
And heaven, forbidden to succour, groan'd to hear;
Trembled with very pain,
And sent a hurricane
To quell the din of woe;
Roll'd the dread thunders lest the tempest fail'd,
And with black clouds the work of horror veil'd,
That rack'd the world below.

Yet, 'mid this raging strife
There was a calm unbroken, e'en as though
Peace had her passage made the tumult through:
The distant billows' roar
Comes softly floating o'er
The bosom of the deep;
While safely riding on a sea of glass,
'Mid blackest night, the favour'd Ark doth pass
While all its inmates sleep.

So, comes the last dread day,—
We know not when, or soon or late,
When judgment, yet deferred, on man shall wait;

When fire unquenchable
Shall fall on all who dwell
Heedless of heavenly grace.
Hear then the voice of Noah—in faith abound,
And through the storm of righteous wrath be found
Safe in the Ark of Peace!

HAPPINESS.

One eve, in discontented mood,
I sat beside my cottage fire,
When, lo! an angel by me stood,
And bade me tell my heart's desire.
The rays that from his pinions stream'd
Lent to my hearth a sudden glow;
Yet mild and beautiful he seem'd,
With love inscribed upon his brow.
So long my soul had yearn'd for bliss,
I trembling cried, "O, give me this—
"True happiness."

And then he raised me on his wings,
And bore me swiftly through the air,
While fancy shaped a thousand things
To charm me in his happy sphere.
My eager soul his speed outvied,
Glad hope had banish'd all my fears,
And thrice I laugh'd, and thrice I cried,—
For joy or grief will summon tears.
"Good angel, quicker mount to bliss!"
I cried, so much I yearn'd for this,
Sweet happiness.

Outvision'd then was house and street,
Outvision'd all I used to see.
The stars went floating 'neath our feet,
All sparkling in their azure sea,
And forms that robes of glory wear,
In outline dim appear'd to me;
While sounds fell sweetly on my ear
Like strains of heavenly minstrelsy.
But am I meet for so much joy?
Why should this thought, just then, destroy
My happiness?

But higher still, and higher yet,
Swift as on eagle's pinions borne,
We reach where crowns with diamonds set
Are waiting only to be worn;
Before a temple bathed in light,
Where seraphim their praises sung.—
And whilst I wonder'd at the sight
The golden gates were open flung:
Ah, me! I cried, o'erwhelm'd with fear,
I cannot,—dare not—enter here
For Happiness.

"Thou canst not?" said my heav'nly guide—
"Thou canst not thy Creator meet?"
But, ere my falt'ring tongue replied,
I stood within a common street.
A common street—I knew not how
So swift a transit I had made,
Why thus transported, did not know,
But still the angel by me stay'd.
He stay'd, and whisper'd in my ear,
"On earth must man for heaven prepare,
And happiness."

Then I beheld a little maid
Support a cripple, aged and poor,
And cheerfully lending all her aid
She led her to a cottage door.
Nor thus would leave her tott'ring charge,
But placed a penny in her hand.
Though small the gift, the heart was large
That gave its all at love's command.
"Go, follow now that little maid,
For in her heart," the angel said,
"Is happiness."

My dream dissolved—its power I felt—
I knew the cripple, aged and poor;
The street was that in which I dwelt;
The little maiden lived next door.

THE CAPTIVES.

We dreamt of our land and its temple so fair;
Our hearts were in Zion, and knew not a care;
But short was our joy—yet a moment we slept,
Then awoke by the waters of Babel and wept.

We dreamt of our harps, of their ravishing strain,
And, startled, uprose to retune them again,
But the dew on their strings had fall'n fast while we slept,
And they hung in the willows and silently wept.

Too bitter our grief when the heathenish throng
Required of us mirth and demanded a song.
But how could we sing?—In captivity kept,
We look'd on the river of Babel and wept.

We vow'd in our hearts that we ne'er would forget
The Temple we loved, though its glory be set,
And tears were the seals that our vows should be kept
As we turn'd from the waters of Babel and wept.

We call'd on the Lord to remember the ways
Of th' heathen who fain would Jerusalem rase,
And the sins of the monarch who captive had kept
The children who sat by his rivers and wept.

Then heard we the voice of the prophet reply,
"The curse of Jehovah on Babel shall lie"
And the world shall proclaim,—for His word shall be kept,—
How the mighty have fall'n for the captives that wept.

RAIN DROPS.

PATTERING 'gainst my window pane,
Countless, sparkling drops of rain,
Methinks I hear them say,
"Tell our number as we fall,
And from thy God thou tellest all
The blessings of a day."

A WEDDING CAROL.

'Tis sweet when hands and hearts unite
In bonds of holy love,
To mark the greetings of delight
The fond affections move.
'Twas such a happy throng to see
There came a guest to Galilee.

The lowly children sang with joy,
Dismissing every care;
'Twas meet that mirth should then employ
The bright assemblage there;
Nor cloud one happy heart would he—
The Guest who came to Galilee.

But ere the joyful day was o'er,
Or ere the feast was done,
So freely dealt, their humble store
Was far too quickly gone,
Then fill their cups with wine did he—
The Guest who came to Galilee.

Each passing care was banish'd hence;
For Love presided there,
Though few indeed had knowledge whence
So sweet an atmosphere;
But pleased at heart were all to see
The Guest who came to Galilee.

Be yours, good friends, the path of peace,
Your baskets running o'er;
But if ye would withal increase
In never-failing store,
For ever let invited be
The Saviour-Guest of Galilee.

GOD BLESS THEE!

[A Farewell to a Friend leaving England.]

I HEARD a friend, when bidding thee farewell,
Pronounce "God bless thee, sister!" and at once
I too gave utterance to the simple prayer,
And said, "God bless thee!" Since then, I've
question'd—
Not as sceptics would, but as they who seek
By earnest thinking to enliven faith—
Who is our God? And as the answers came,
I wrote them down.

THE VERY PRESENT AID,
Or light or heavy be His children's care;
A love divine to mitigate their woe,
And change to smiles the solitary tear.
THE OMNIPRESENT KING, compared with whom
All other kings are poor and tributary.
He hath no subjects where His throne is not;
No people scatter'd o'er some distant colony;
But keepeth all beneath His gracious eye.

THE WISE DISPOSER OF OUR GOOD AND ILL,
Who orders all things to a gracious end:
The bitter grief that bears His children down
Doth to their happiness eternal tend.
Yet, as they journey to their promised home,
Without a purpose infinitely wise,
He would not stay them in a joyous path,
To lead them thither o'er a bridge of sighs.
THE FAITHFUL KEEPER OF HIS CHILDREN'S JEWELS,
Whenever trusted to His guardian care:
The cherish'd home—the friends of youthful love—
The aged parents—all we hold most dear.
These do I give Him, yet He asketh more!
He shall take charge of thee, sister of mine,
Of all thou tak'st away or leav'st behind,
All that thou hast or ever shall be thine.
Such is our God! Who know Him best can tell
How much is spoken in thy friend's farewell—
"God bless thee, sister!"

A DREAM.

I stood by a cage and its captive birds,—
Their number I left untold;—
But listen'd awhile to a stranger's words,
As he talked with one who sold.

"Two linnets," said he, "were the last I bought,
Now yonder sweet lark I'll take."
But what could he want with so many, I thought,
For my heart did sorely ache,

As the great rough hand in the dreary cage
Made darker its dismal gloom;
Foretelling, methought, by its ruthless siege,
The trembling prisoner's doom.

From corner to corner the flutterer springs,
But soon grows feeble and tires;
And the plumage that deck'd its weary wings
Hangs fast to the prison wires.

But useless were all the efforts it made,—
It strove till it scarcely could gasp;
Then struggled no more its fate to evade—
'Twas fix'd in that ruthless grasp.

One moment 't was thus—then its trouble had ceased—
On high it had joyously flown;
The stranger himself had the captive released,
And bidden it soar to the sun.

I awoke from my dream, and remember'd aright,—
'Twas a story I oft' had heard,—
Yet still as I thought on its heavenward flight,
The bird was no longer a bird!

But a Christian methought had relinquish'd his breath,
To unite with the angels of Heaven;
For his freedom for ever was purchased of Death,
With the blood that his Saviour had given.

THE LADYBIRD.

A LADYBIRD travell'd my window-pane o'er,
And a wearisome way it had been:
I watch'd it at least for an hour and more,
And ponder'd on what I had seen.

One could not but smile as it put forth its wings,
Through a window-pane seeking to fly:
Yet, thoughts have arisen from simpler things,
And sadden'd men wiser than I.

Now it runs up the glass by the side of the frame,
Now a corner it stays to explore,
Now starts off afresh for the point whence it came,
Or makes for the centre once more.

Then spreads out its wings, with fresh courage imbued,
Yet in vain is its strife to begone,
And it wonders, no doubt—or it would if it could—
What stayeth its flight in the sun.

But I saw that the frame was dark painted and broad,
And threw open the casement above ;
So it had but to pass o'er a little dark road,
In the glories of sunlight to rove.

Then I left it a season, the course to pursue
That instinct dictated alone,
Returning again in an hour or two,
To see if my insect had flown.

But the bright dazzling pane had still kept it astray,—
All its efforts were labour for nought,—
For the light, so deceptive, made darker the way
That led to the freedom it sought.

Then I bade it give over its wearying strife ;
On my finger I raised it with care,
And felt I'd enhanced all the joy of its life,
As it floated away in the air.

Is my subject too simple a moral to claim?
Some lesson for good to recall?
I've a notion 'tis not, or, most certain I am
'T would ne'er have engaged me at all.

Full many are they who, by folly misled,
Will often for rectitude yearn,
But the light of false pleasures, deceitfully spread,
Make darker the road to return.

But, oh! if a brother would proffer in time
To lead them awhile on the road,
Full many a one who grows harden'd in crime
Would walk as do servants of God!

And many a sister, if love had besought,
When scorn and reproaches were given,
Now wretched, forsaken, and caring for nought,
Had lived in the FAVOUR of heaven!

SEEKING.

What seekest thou? I hail'd a man
Stricken of age and ghastly wan.
Though tott'ring on the yawning tomb,
He heeded not its threat'ning gloom;
For dross absorb'd his every care,
As if his soul were centred there.
He heard—and clutch'd the wealth he told,
Lest I should rob him of his gold.

What seekest thou? I question'd one
Within a garret mean and lone.
Anon he bathed his aching head,
Too long denied a pillow'd bed:—
He left his pen nor night nor day,
Till life had well nigh fled away.
In languid tone his answer came—
"I seek,—alas! how long,—for fame."

What seekest thou ? I turn'd to one
Who strove beneath the noonday sun.
Thick sweat was standing on his brow ;
His trembling frame was weak and low.
A thousand schemes yet rack'd his head,
And this to earn his daily bread.
The answer wrung his troubled breast—
" Oh, give this wearied being rest ! "

What seekest thou ? The man was old,
Of many a care his features told,
But still, a smile of sweet content
Illumined every lineament.
Nor worldly one, nor miser knew
What treasure open'd to his view,
As thus he cried, on bended knee,—
" Father ! what wait I for, but Thee ! "

Some strive for wealth—it sorrow brings,
Does Satan's work, then takes it wings ;
Others for fame—'tis transient most,
And life fast sped its frequent cost ;

And ALL for rest, yet gain it not
Where Sin hath so much evil wrought:
But Christ at length from heaven shall come
To take his waiting children home.

JESUS WEPT.

FOR us He left his throne above,
On earth to manifest his love;
For us with poignant grief he strove,
When our Redeemer wept!

And when at Martha's cry he stay'd,
And saw the havoc sin had made,
The tomb wherein the dead was laid,
He turn'd aside and wept!

His great compassion felt our loss
As none save He could feel for us;
With love that led him to the cross,
The tender Saviour wept!

And when the awful hour drew nigh,—
The while his followers linger'd by,—
He spake aloud how He must die
For those o'er whom He wept!

But Peter would not have it so,—
His blessed Lord to suffer woe.
Alas! what would a sinner do,
Had not a Saviour wept?

No longer from our Maker driven,
To us is this bright promise given,
To sing the praise of Him in Heaven,
Who for our sorrows wept!

WHERE ANGELS GO!

I LOVE to walk that lengthen'd ward,
Where the sick lie weak and low;
For I feel, 'mid all its grief deplored,
'Tis a place where angels go!

Full oft beside the door I'll stay,
And will linger thereabout,
And fancy I dare not haste while they
Are passing in and out.

I see them not, I hear them not;
But their presence still I trace
In the holy calm their work hath wrought
In the pale and dying face.

Where troubles crowd and hope is scant,
They hasten on noiseless wing,
And each, to relieve a sufferer's want,
Doth the choicest blessing bring.

No pain is mine—no anxious care
Hath proven my lot to be,
But fondly I hope, when ent'ring there,
They will drop some good for me.

Perchance they will—I cannot tell—
But this do I surely know,
Where sickness and pain and sorrow dwell,
Is the place "where angels go!"

The Saviour hears the sufferer's cry,
Remembers the widow's tear,
And quickly sends from His throne on high
His heavenly angels there.

As honour'd servants of the King,
His generous will they do;
And surely 'tis not a little thing
When his children serve Him too.

To send the helpless poor relief,
To calm the sufferer's fears,
Visit the widow in all her grief,
And dry the orphan's tears;

These acts will greater joy afford,
Than the earth can else bestow;
For no man treadeth without reward,
In the paths "where angels go!"

A NOTE.

SATAN is often most unjustly charged.
He has a dread account, God knows, but man
Accuses him of very much offence
Wherein he has no part. Not that the fiend
Grows lax in his endeavours to ensnare;
But he, who, by his cunning artifice,
Slew our first parents 'neath the eye of God,
Will hardly deign to waste his wiles on men
Who travel Hellward of their own accord.

THE

SABBATH-BREAKER ALARMED.

Old Commerce sat in his little room—
His little room behind the shop,—
Passing his house one Sabbath morn,
I took it in my head to stop;
Pay him a visit, and a word to drop
On Sunday trading; and to note how few
Observed the Sabbath as they ought to do.
For save to snatch some very brief repose,
My worthy friend his house would never close.
"How do?" said I, and then with feign'd surprise
Reflecting wonder in my neighbour's eyes,
"'Tis Sunday morning, friend, are you aware?"
He met my question with a vacant stare,
Till, presently, a thought occurr'd
That very soon his visage stirr'd,
And starting briskly from his seat,
Made to a window, where some muslin neat
Shut out the vulgar gaze from shop and street.

Lest this obstruct his view
The curtain he withdrew—
One hurried glance he gave towards the door—
As I supposed—then took his seat once more,
Looking more stupid than he did before.
"Well, friend," said I, "what troubles now?"
Quoth he, most foolishly, "I hardly know—
That your demeanour did at first appal,
I need must own,
For much I fear'd I'd taken ALL
My shutters down!"

Thus to their journey's end do thousands plod,
And Faith is to the shrine of Fashion hurl'd:
Men break, remorselessly, a law of God,
Yet would not slight a custom of the world.

FRIENDSHIP.

HAST thou a friend? Then thou art rich indeed!
A brother's kindness in the hour of need,—
A smile to cheer thee when thy lot is cast
Where fortune frowns, and tribulations last,
A hand to stay thee when thy strength is gone,
And down life's stream its rapids bear thee on,
Are priceless favours, on but few bestow'd,
And well accounted as the gifts of God!

Hast thou a friend whom thou dost call thine own?
If friend indeed, he is not thine alone.
Be cautious then, nor let thy heart be moved
By jealous thoughts. He hath his friendship proved
Who, when he saw thy brother in distress,
Ran to his aid. He thought of thee no less!
The heart of friendship is the heart of love,
That human suffering will ever move.

Hast thou a friend? Then, with true wisdom fraught,
Be not the victim of a fretful thought.
What, though at times he greets with cooler mien,
Leaving, perchance, his pleasant smile unseen!
Know'st thou his heart? Say, must he always smile?
Can darksome clouds ne'er hide *his* sun awhile?
Then wherefore deem his friendship at an end!
Quit! Quit thyself! Perchance *he* needs a friend.

Hast thou a friend? Then soon thy heart uplift,
And thank the Giver, whilst thou hast the gift.
No self-desert a heavenly blessing gains,
Though humble gratitude the good retains:
For this, the willing tongue will often raise
The feeble accents of a feeble praise;
But swifter far the grateful songs ascend
Of one befriended, who becomes the FRIEND!

THE REVERIE.

My mind had wander'd in the maze of thought
Till, in the mental forest, lost;—my feet,
So long accustom'd to their daily route,
Follow'd instinctively the common path,
Guiding my absent self from street to street.
The noise of traffic, the incessant din,
Fell on my ears unheeded as the wind;
And when my neighbour pass'd I saw him not.
Nor sight nor sound disturb'd my reverie.
'Twas thus:—
That morn I had been greatly moved
To hear recounted the too frequent tale
Of some rich man and modern Lazarus.
And as I ponder'd on the poor man's wrongs,
Denouncing him who wore the purple robe
And fared so sumptuously from day to day,
I fell a-thinking—and 'tis easier

To plan our conduct for some other sphere
Than serve with usefulness the one we fill—
What course I would pursue if wealth were mine.
I would not grudge the poor,—for then, indeed,
'Twould be my pleasure to relieve them oft.
And there are people whom I call to mind,—
Than whom no beings stand in greater need,—
Who durst not beg though they should die of want.
No pride, save that which is commendable,
Forbids them making known their sad estate.
But they have learn'd the charity of friends
Too well. Some few are friends indeed,—the rest
Give but to whisper their good deeds abroad;
Or, should they see the poor recipient—
Meet him, it may be, in their morning walk—
They feign abstraction till he passes by,
Then chatter to each other of his woe
In terms of pity mingled with reproach.
And he of whom they speak knows all they say,
Blushes betimes, and durst not turn his face.
'Tis this that makes the honest poor to hide
As though their poverty were very crime.

To such I would anonymously write,
Enclose a gift, and sign myself "A Friend."
And there are some whose age hath borne them down—
Too feeble grown to earn their daily bread.
These I would visit; for 'twould please me much
To see fresh smiles upon their aged cheeks.
They should not toil until their latest breath
For that poor mite of sustenance they need.
Relieved from earthly care, they might be glad,
And praising Him who loved them from the first,
Would fall asleep and dream themselves to Heaven.
And then the sick—oh, how one would delight
To send fresh dainties to them every day,
Provide them nourishment and goodly things
Their friends would give them but for slender means.
Yes, this I'd do—that is, if I were rich!
How rich? Well, let me think,—receiving say
An income of eight hundred pounds a-year.
I've now two hundred; but, of course, 'tis clear
If fortune granted me the income named

I should not have the other six to spare.
Through life, position must be well maintain'd;
And though my cottage may suffice me now,
'Twould then be insignificantly small.
Some nobler residence one might command;
Some modest mansion—not pretending much,—
With lawn in front, and orchards in the rear.
Hot-houses I should very much desire—
My wife is passionately fond of flowers,
And she would then have leisure to employ;
'Twould not be right that she should work as now,
We should have servants then. Housemaid and cook
We must engage; and should it needful prove
We might increase our household. By the way,
We should have company once or twice a-week,
And then 'twould be so very out of place,
When thus occasionally we invited guests,
My wife should weary with the preparation.
Still, with four servants she might even do.
A nursemaid, beyond doubt would ease her much,
The children always need such special care.

Yes, I'll have a nursemaid. My elder boy
I should to college send. As for the girls,
I much prefer instructing them at home:
That is, I would a governess engage,
And see each day be wisely portion'd out—
So much for task—so much for recreation.
Clara must have a pony. I forgot
When noting the requirements of the house
That we should need some stabling at the back.
Riding is such a graceful exercise,
And so conducive to the children's health,
Withholding such a boon would be a sin;
And if one thing I should myself prefer
Before another, it would be a horse.
I could accompany Clara when she rides
Had I a horse. And now I think of it
I do not know 'twould not be necessary,—
It would, no doubt. Yes, I must have a horse,—
It is not safe that she should ride alone.
Such animals incur some small expense,
But then a lad might serve as page and groom.
However, necessaries must be studied,

Though costing more than one might bargain for.
My wife, occasionally, would hire a brougham,
So she may ride to Shoolbred's now and then.
I do not know that we should need much more.
No doubt, if I assign'd myself the task
I could recount more necessaries yet.
'T were well that we economise withal,
If but to save a little for the girls.
I should not give them much. My sons, no doubt,
Would claim their portions too—"Good morning,
sir!"
I turn'd me to behold a shoeless lad,
At whose unmeant reproof my thoughts took wing,
But I was rich—to be myself again.

THE ROSE AND THE HOLLY.

ONE sunny morn, ere summer's close,
Array'd in beauty's best,
A little vain and simple Rose
A Holly-bush address'd :—

" Who would not mourn a life like thine—
Monotonous and drear.
How great its contrast, too, with mine—
A rose, so rich and rare.

" And mark how many eyes indeed
Admire my beauty too ;
But who could ever stay to heed
So plain a thing as you.

" Or, should one halt, what would he see?
A piece of endless green!
While they who stay admiring me,
Behold the garden queen."

The Holly heard the Rose so proud,
Yet proffer'd no reply;
But, patient still, before it bow'd
In sweet humility.

But autumn soon proclaim'd its reign,
The winter next, with snow,—
Ah! say, my little floweret vain,
Where is thy beauty now?

"Oh! let me write," the Holly said,
"On yonder little stone:—
I saw its leaves, till all were shed,
Keep dropping one by one.

"Its beauty in a moment came,
As quickly pass'd away;
But though I am but what I am,
I live—I live for aye!

"My beauty is that evergreen,
I heed nor snow nor wind!"
And oft, methinks, its like is seen
In loveliness of mind.

All other beauty is at best
The floweret of a day;
But far surpassing all the rest
Is that which lasts for aye!

OLD JACOB.

Old Jacob stood still by the side of his plough,
For the noontide heat press'd sore,
And never was ploughman more weary I trow,
For he wiped off the sweat that stood thick on his brow,
And wish'd that his labours were o'er.

"Who smiles at the curse in the scripture declared
Let him feel but its burdensome weight,
Yet had heaven the evil more equally shared
O'er the rich and the poor, I would never have cared,
Nor murmur'd so hard at my fate.

The squire has no trouble his living to get,
For the guineas lay thick on his shelf,
Whilst I needs must toil till my jacket is wet,
As ever from morning till evening I sweat
For the squire as well as myself."

Now just at this moment a fairy appear'd,
A bright little gladdening elf,—
Some say that old Jacob was tired and slept,
And a vision of fairyland over him crept,
But of this you must judge for yourself.

" Good Jacob," it warbled, " Ne'er strengthen your ire,
I grieve for the care on your brow,
So tell me at once all your heart would desire."
Quoth Jacob, " Then give me the lot of the squire,
And his honour a turn at the plough."

Squire Jacob reclined on a cushion of state,
Overlooking his corn in the vale,
And he bless'd the bright fairy that made him so great,

Though he could not but feel, as grown thoughtful he sate,
What a loss, if his crops should all fail!

His daughters grew pretty, had wealth of their own—
Invaluable virtues combined!
But, alas! for poor Jacob, quite sad he had grown,
For a tribe of young scamps from both village and town
Nigh worried him out of his mind.

Then a surly old neighbour, by enmity stirr'd,
With Jacob at law would contend,
Till the farmer grew heated with judgment deferr'd,
And wonder'd with grief, as his gold disappear'd,
When the Chancery suit would end.

Then a rumour of panic the country o'erspread,
And Jacob bade farewell to bliss;
"Good fairy," he cried, "when my labour I sped,
Though the heat of the sun fell sore on my head,
I never once sweated like this."

Old Jacob stood still with his ploughshare in view,
But the fairy had vanish'd away;
So he first rubb'd his eyes, then buckling him to,
Quoth the ploughman, "Here's off, or I'll never get through
The four-acre piece in a day."

"Yeho, Dobbin," he cried, "I'll not quit my ploughshare,
But follow contented behind,
And bethink me with pride when the furrows appear,
There's never a plough in creation to tear
The thistles and thorns from the mind!"

THE PLUCKED ROSE.

A week hath pass'd since thou wert pluck'd,
A bud, from Flora's bower,
And now thy petals, fragrant full,
Have open'd to a flower.

Sweet rose! what magic power hath wrought,
That in this pent-up room,
A cup of water hath sufficed
To rear thee into bloom?

No charm within the scanty cup,
Nor in the room was rife;
Though these may shew what little things
Will minister to life.

No charm but that which nature gave,
Nor aught beside could give;
The impulse from the mother stem
Hath never ceased to live.

By yonder Christian's dying bed
Go place thy floweret now,
And by its simple lesson soothe
The anxious mother's brow.

When once the timely impulse good
To eager youth is given,
Though early sever'd from the stem,
The bud shall bloom for heaven.

STRAY LEAVES.

COME, Poet, and say what thy fancies descry
In yonder tree towering so proudly, so high?
"E'en the spirit of man as it seeketh the sky!"
Then, what are those blasts that bend it so low,—
Scattering its leaves as the driftings of snow?
"The tempests of life, as they rush to and fro,
Marring its beauty."

What seeketh that youth who strolls o'er the heath,
Now carefully treading those branches beneath,
Now bending so eager? "List! list what he saith—
'Come hither, sweet thoughts, haste ye not to decay,
Accursed be the winds that would bear ye away!'
'Tis thus he enjoyeth the calm of the day,
Gathering stray leaves."

THE DEADLY FOE.

["The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Hence it is no uncommon practice with some professing Christians to pray earnestly for divine protection against the temptations of Satan, forgetful the while that there dwells in their own breasts a power of evil which is even more likely than Satanic influence to prove fatal to the soul. At least, we have the twofold testimony of Scripture and experience that evil abides in the hearts of all men, but we have no reason whatever to believe that Satan is omnipresent. Is there not, therefore, more to be feared from within than from without? These thoughts suggested the following poem.]

"God save my Lord," old Rupert cried, "God
save and keep thee fast!"
"How now!" Lord Omfray quick replied, "why
this unseemly haste?"
"God save my Lord from every ill, and well thy
foe requite,
For he hath sworn a bitter oath to shed thy blood
this night."
Lord Omfray laugh'd a scornful laugh, then in de-
fiant tone,
"Who seeks to shed an Omfray's blood must
answer with his own.

Yet thanks, my faithful messenger, that thou hast
hither sped,
Since but for thine all timely aid thy master
might have bled.
Go bid my vassals here attend whilst I for fight
prepare;
Yet stay—methinks a drunkard's boast doth war-
rant no such care.
The wine upon his brain hath wrought and doth
his vision cloud,
Or well I know he had not breathed such
murd'rous threat aloud.
So let my trusty sword remain within its scabbard
press'd,
Nor be it said a madman's oath disturbs Lord
Omfray's rest.
But hie thee to the stalwart smith, and bid him
here with speed;
For he shall safe my castle keep from such an evil
deed."

Now o'er the moor old Rupert ran, and well his
pace sustain'd,
Nor halted once nor slacken'd speed until the
forge he gain'd,

Nor rested scarce to bid the smith upon his master wait,
Ere back they both together ran, and reach'd the castle-gate.

"God save you, friends," Lord Omfray cried, "and well our foe requite,
For he hath sworn with vengeful oath to shed my blood this night;
And yet," quoth he, with merry laugh, "I'll sleep untroubled still:
This night my willing sword shall trust an iron-worker's skill.
So hie thee back with such like speed as thou didst cross the moor,
And forge me twelve good iron bars for every oaken door.
A dozen for the northern porch, and well the metal test;
A dozen for the eastern wing, a dozen for the west.
And let no casement 'scape thy care, nor ingress e'er so small;
But shield them well with treble plates, and bolt and bar them all.

Two hours since the morning broke, and thou hast help to get,
And I must see the work complete before the sun shall set.
So hasten now with right good speed, and well perform thy task,
And I will pay thee, honest smith, whatever thou shalt ask."

Right soon the smith obtain'd the men who answer'd to his call,
And never with more earnest stroke did sledge on metal fall.
From morn till eve the anvils rang as ne'er before I trow,
And many a brawny hand did wipe the sweat from off the brow.
And so they wrought with might and main while th' flames did loudly roar,
And forged them twelve good iron bars for every oaken door:
A dozen for the northern porch, and did the metal test,
A dozen for the eastern wing, a dozen for the west.

They let no casement 'scape their care, nor ingress e'er so small,
But forged them treble plates for each, and bolts and bars for all.
And so they made the castle strong, to thwart the vengeful foe,
"Now," quoth the smith, "to force such work, 'twill need a giant's blow."
And oft Lord Omfray turn'd and smiled to see the work complete,
For it wanted still an hour or more before the sun would set.

Now dark as ever night had been, the clouds had gather'd o'er,
Lord Omfray said, "I have not seen so black a night before,
So thou, good Rupert, watch must keep until the sun shall rise,
And bid my vassals ready be, and warn them 'gainst surprise."
Old Rupert heard his master's hand make fast the pond'rous door,
And fix with care each iron bar till all was well secure.

He heard the footsteps in the hall fall lighter and more light,
And listen'd till the door should close where his lord would sleep that night.
Then with good earnest will prepared to meet the vengeful foe:
Just then a storm began to rise, the winds began to blow;
And long before the neighb'ring bell the hour of midnight toll'd,
The lightnings fired the blacken'd sky, and deaf'ning thunders roll'd:
Yet little could the raging storm unnerve so stout a heart—
A soldier who in war had play'd full many a valiant part.
But when, as for a little time, the tempest ceased to roar,
He thought he heard a stranger-hand unfast a guarded door,
And then he heard the hinges creak, yet stay'd his hand in doubt,
For th' light that might have served him well that instant had gone out.

Yet firmly at the porch he stood as soldier well might do,
For one he knew did face him then, or be he friend or foe.
And thrice he challenged him to speak, yet ne'er an answer got:
Another moment—one had lain a victim on the spot!
But happily the needed ray the vivid lightning lent,
And Rupert saw his master's form and his accoutrement.
"Say, say, my Lord," aloud he cried, "why thus our caution slight!
Thou surely hast no purpose meet to tempt thee forth to night:
I pray thee bid thy servant go thine errand in thy stead."
"Stay here," he thought his lord replied, and at the word obey'd.
And there until the morning broke the watchful soldier stood,
Yet fearful lest his master pay the forfeit of his blood.

And many a fervent prayer he breathed to Him
who ruleth all,
To stay the course of every ill that might his
lord befall.
At length he sought Lord Omfray's room, and
thought upon his way
Perchance by some good hap to learn the cause of
his delay.
When, lo! his stricken gaze beheld within that
dismal place,
Upturn'd in death, and blood-besmear'd, Lord
Omfray's ghastly face.
There on his reeking couch he lay, the victim of
surprise,
Whilst he who let his life-blood out escaped in
fell disguise.

Yet well the honest smith had wrought with all
his skill and might,
And well the servant too had watch'd throughout
that dreadful night,
And well-secured 'gainst every foe that castle yet
had been,
But, ere they wrought, a traitor vile had enter'd
there unseen;

A servant of the slain, suborn'd, into the chamber crept,
There waited till his lord lay down, then slew him while he slept.

* * * * *

Through after years old Rupert lived, but none more sad than he;
And oft his children's children came, and clamber'd on his knee,
And listen'd while with falt'ring voice he told the tale of woe,
The story how Lord Omfray died, and of the deadly foe.
'Twas thus through many a wintry eve he whiled the hours away,
Then bade the little folk to rest, and taught them how to pray:—
"God shield our souls from Satan's power and every outward sin,
But most from that more deadly foe—an evil heart within!"

LIONEL.

"What! though Fate's cloudy days
Darken life's sunny rays,
I'll to the sea," he says.
Stout-hearted Lionel!

"Hard has our mother tried,
Since our poor father died,
Yet she can ne'er provide
Half our necessity.

Vainly we strive and plan,
All that our efforts can,
Would I were grown a man!"
Echoed young Lionel.

"Stay me not! sisters dear,
I will not linger here,
Less'ning your scanty cheer,
Aiding grim poverty.

Troubles are crags," he saith,
" Dark are their shades as death,
He whose heart fails beneath,
Never surmounteth them."

Then to his new employ,
Waving his cap for joy,
Proud he was born a boy,
Started young Lionel.

Scarce o'er his youthful head
Had thirteen summers fled,
When to his ship he sped,
Trusting God's providence.

Quickly the sails were set,
Many the griefs he met,
But with no vain regret,
Wrote he complainingly.

Scarce had he sailed away,
Bright as the ocean-spray,
When on the deck he lay,
Smitten with pestilence.

Still he would not complain,
But when released from pain,
Wrote he was well again,
Then of his illness told.

Hard were the toils at sea
For one so young as he,
Still he would ever be
Working right willingly.

Then of his home he had
Thoughts that would make him sad,
But like a British lad
Buckled to work again.

So, till on Britain's shore
Landed with joy once more,
Bravely his lot he bore,
Never once faltering.

Safe from the surging foam,
Then as he sought his home,
Surely his friends did come
Half-way to welcome him.

Nay! but they would have done,
Had they but only known
One, and so dear an one,
Made for their dwelling then.

" Soon we shall reach our shore,"
He wrote; but nothing more,
Then at the cottage-door
Enter'd surprising them.

" Praise shall my tongue employ,
Heaven has restored my boy,"
Cried, with a mother's joy,
She who had cherish'd him.

" Now are we glad again!
See! since from home he ran,
Lionel hath grown a man,"
Laugh'd his fair sisters then.

" Again he shall never stray,
Shall he—our mother—say,
Since he has been away
Our God has prosper'd us!"

" Thanks to you, sisters dear,
While I've a duty here,
You have no cause to fear,"
Answer'd young Lionel.

Soon had he troubles new,
But the same spirit true
Fail'd not to bear him through
All his adversity.

Whatever his grief may be,
Whether on land or sea,
To Heaven he bends his knee,
Then acts his motto out.

" Troubles are crags," he saith,
" Dark are their shades as death,
He whose heart fails beneath,
Never surmounteth them."

THE HIGH WALK.

"Lift me up," cried little Annie,
Such was winning childhood's call,
O'er a roadside bank to ramble,
Over rugged stone and bramble;
Higher than the sheep that wander'd
Where the meadow-stream meander'd,
Higher than her sister Mary,
Overlooking all.

"Careful, then," cried sister Mary,
"Or my little girl will fall."
Laughing then, with fear half-laden,
Trembling trod the little maiden,
Higher than the sheep that wander'd
Where the meadow-stream meander'd:
Who so high as little Annie!
Overlooking all.

"Leave my hand," cried little Annie,
"See me walk the path alone."

But her infant faith was shaken,
Ere another step she'd taken,
And the threat'ning danger dreading,
Childlike both her arms outspreading,
Fell upon her sister sobbing,
"Take poor Annie down."

Annie, thou has taught a lesson
Many would do well to heed.
Thou who mournest thy condition,
Tempted by a vain ambition,
Higher than thy duty calls thee,
Heedless of what ill befals thee,
Thoughtless whether thou art able
Safely such a path to tread,

Pause before this simple picture;
Pass not such a lesson by:
First remember when thou sighest,
Rugged is the path that 's highest,
Then if high thy fortune treadeth,
Whilst there's One who safely leadeth,
Ne'er thyself his aid deny
With a child's simplicity.

A FABLE.

GREAT Jove, I am told, ere the world had grown old,
By his subjects once plaguily teased,
Made a vow from his throne, if they made their wish known,
To grant them what graces they pleased.

Cried the mortals with glee, "There's no god like to thee,
Fair Friendship is all we would ask:
Let the warmth of her smile give a zest to our toil,
And Labour shall sing o'er her task."

Thought Jove with their cry I will even comply—
Sweet Friendship shall gladden the earth—
Yet ere she descends to enrich them with friends,
I will teach them how great is her worth.

So he sent them a maid in rich splendour array'd,
Whose accents were charmingly sweet;
But they found 'neath her smile there dwelt malice and guile,
So they banish'd her soon for deceit.

The next maiden fair came with promises rare,
When the sun shone on mountain and plain;
But when tempests came round she was ne'er to be found,
So they had to petition again.

"Ye mortals attend," answer'd Jove, "for I send
Sweet Friendship to lighten your cares."
But, alas! for the reign of a grace so divine—
She whisper'd their faults in their ears.

Then spreading alarms till the earth was in arms,
They beat her anon from their track;
And so loudly averr'd they would not have the third,
That Jove sent the former two back!

THE

CHILD PERPLEXED.

"Look, mother!" cried a little maid,
With childhood's wondering frown,
"At yonder shop they only take
A half the shutters down."

"Ah, yes, my child," the mother said,
"But 'tis not always so;
Those shutters tell how Death has been,
And laid some dear one low."

Then ponder'd much the little maid,
As children often will,
Ponder'd at every step she took,
Went home, and ponder'd still.

A sabbath came, and welcomes rang
To every house of God,
And by her parent's side again
The little maiden trod.

" Come, tell me, child," the mother said,
" Why do you look so sad.
These pleasant days of holy rest
Should make all children glad!"

A tear roll'd down the infant's cheek
As thus she made reply:—
" I could but think, my mother dear,
How many people die."

The mother saw the child's mistake,
And for a moment smiled,
Then in assuring tone replied,
" 'Tis Sunday morning, child!"

But still the wondering infant-brow
Grew clouded more and more;
For never had the little maid
So puzzled been before.

At length a bright'ning ray of thought
Across her features spread,
And with an eager look she asked,
" Then is the Sunday dead?"

Suggestive thought! that Rest remains
When days and years have fled,
And men who sought but worldly gains
Are to its glories dead!

THE

PLEASURE OF AGE.

An old man reclined on a soft-cushion'd seat—
A merchant for riches renown'd—
And thought amidst honours old age to forget,
And cast all its woe to the ground.
But the current of life ran so sluggish with him,
His hope was soon changed to despair;
And honours and wealth proved but weeds in the stream,
Nigh choking his being with care.

Then he wander'd alone on his balcony high,
To gaze on his spreading domains;
But the beauties of nature ne'er charm'd his dim eye,
Nor heard he the caroller's strains;
For the current of life ran too sluggish with him,
'Twas cold as the night dewy air;
And the garlands of spring seem'd to mock the slow stream,
So fraught with the sedges of care.

The old man reclined on his cushion once more,
When open a portal flew wide,
And the son of his heart with rapture he saw
And with feelings of virtuous pride.
And the streamlet of life seem'd to flow as in youth,
As the aged one leap'd from his chair,
To welcome the blossom of wisdom and truth
Which honours a parent's grey hair.
Nor title, nor hoard, nor wealth can afford
The pleasure that age can find there.

FOND HOPES.

I've hopes I fondly cherish,
Though they bloom to fade on earth;
Yet the flowerets of a season
Have their worth.
On the marge of life's rough journey
Such blossoms sweetly blow,
And strew our paths with fragrance
As we go.

I saw a beauteous maiden
All deck'd as for a bride,
And the one she loved was standing
By her side.
And I pray'd might bounteous heaven
Its gifts to them impart;
For I've a hope I cherish
In my heart.

I saw a cheerful mother,
'Twas a lovely sight to see,
For a little child was praying
On her knee.

And I ask'd the Lord to bless them,
And give them sweetest rest;
For I've a hope I cherish
In my breast.

There sat two aged parents,
Though aged yet not sad;
For th' honour of their offspring
Made them glad.
And I pray'd those loving children
Might long such bliss impart;
For I've a hope I cherish
In my heart.

A lonely one sat longing
To meet, when he should die,
With those he loved so fondly
Up on high.
And since such partings must be,
And heaven alone hath rest,
His hope I yet may cherish
In my breast.

WOLSEY.

This man's character wears so dark a hue,
Because the measure of his power kept pace
With all the promptings of his evil heart;
And as he would, just so he wrought. To us
The history of Wolsey stands alone,—
A beacon 'gainst ambition unrestrain'd,
And lawless pride. But heaven hath purer eyes,
And from its lofty eminence beholds
A thousand Wolseys where we see but one.
'Twixt man and man the act is all in all;
But He who knows the heart draws not a line
Between the common guiltiness of those
Who would but cannot, and who can and do.

THE MENDICANT SOUL.

[There are seven rainy days, through six of which we plod to our daily avocations; but the inclemency of the seventh is sufficient to justify (?) our absence from the house of God. * * * Six days' toil and over-anxiety cause a weariness of the frame, to remedy which the family doctor prohibits Sunday-school teaching and all such religious exercise on the seventh.]

'Twas on a Sabbath evening
I'd lain me down once more,
Then heard a stranger knocking
Outside my chamber-door.
I asked him what he wanted,
He answer'd, "I am poor."

"And wherefore art thou needy?"
I ask'd in careless mood,
"Thy voice proclaims thee youthful,
Thy health is surely good."
"It hath rain'd all day," he answer'd,
"So I could get no food!"

And then I laugh'd within me,
Nor could my mirth restrain;
For who is he that lacketh
For a shower or two of rain?

"Go, get thee hence," I answer'd,
"Nor trouble me again."

I turn'd me round to slumber,
As I had done before;
But heard again the knocking
Outside my chamber-door.
And still unto my question,
The answer, "I am poor."

"And wherefore dost thou trouble
When night is so far gone?"
"Myself," he said, "and master—
Although we twain be one—
Are sad and sorely troubled,
But I the more undone:

For he is frail and weakly,
Hath oft an aching head,
Whilst I, athirst and hungry,
Am longing to be fed;
But wise physicians tell us,
I must not seek my bread!"

And then I laugh'd more loudly,
Such answer to receive,
For who to all the feeble
Their daily bread shall give?
" Thou foolish one!" I answer'd,
Go *work* if thou wouldst *live!*"

And I could not but bethink me,
While turning on my bed,
If all the poor when wearied,
Had ceased their toil for bread,
How many had been starving,
How many had been dead!

" Go hence," I then repeated,
" And trouble me no more:
I too at times am feeble,
I too like thee am poor"—
" But 'tis THY SOUL," 'twas answer'd,
" Stands begging at the door."

WORK!

"Go, work to-day in my vineyard."

Go, enter the vineyard, and work for the Lord,
Engage thee in sowing the seed of the word.
Oh! waste not thy time in lamenting earth's woe;
Rich harvest will follow if thou wilt but sow.
Give faith to thy calling, and labour on still,—
Ever trusting thy Father to work out his will.

And when thy departure from earth draweth nigh,
Be glad that thou seekest a mansion on high.
By Christ to be welcom'd, to lean on his breast,
Oh! who would not envy the labourer his rest.
Then work for the Lord in the spring of thy days,
That thy winter rejoice in a song of His praise!

THE

SHEPHERD'S CARE.

"How shall I keep my wandering sheep?"
I heard the Shepherd say;
"Though I tender them all that love can give,
They wander yet away."

So He took the lamb they loved the most—
The lamb but newly given—
"They'll follow me now," he said and smiled,
"Till I give it them back in heaven!"

THE IDLE MUSE.

COMPLIMENTS.

Of many things I much detest,
One nigh surpasses all the rest,
And this by name I shall present
As an unmeaning compliment;—
That stupid, sickly, endless pother,
Which says one thing and means another.
To wit—I call on Mrs. B.,
'Tis late by full two hours for tea;
But what of that?—so much the better—
It suits her purpose to the letter.
That is, in cases nine of ten—
I always prove the tenth—'tis then

" Why, bless my heart! here's Mr. A.
When did we see you last?" she'll say.
" Now do sit down—and how is Jane?
The little ones quite well again?"
From habit, then, I answer " Yes,"
Though sometimes wrongly I confess.
" You think us very strange, now don't you?
You've not had tea, you'll take some won't you?
Now do, I know you'd like a cup—
The fire's gone out—I'll make it up."
" I don't much need," I say, " but still,
Since you're so good, I think I will."
" That's right, I knew you would. Here, Ann,
Just make some tea. *Confound the man.*"
The last three words are well supplied
In tones an actor terms ' aside.'
" You'd like a relish too, I know;
Let me propose—a kidney now!
The butcher's closed just opposite,
But Ann can soon run down the street.
Now don't say no, they're very good."
" Well, yes," I say, " I think I should."

"Two kidneys, Ann, then lay the cloth,
The hog no doubt will eat them both."
We talk till near an hour has pass'd,
When tea and kidney come—at last.
"Where have you been to, Ann?—Now, come,
Do pray now make yourself at home."
The invitation is to me,
And so I seat myself to tea.
"And is the kidney nicely done?
The stupid girl has cook'd but one!
She really is so very slow:
You'd like another now, I know;
I'll have it ready in a trice."
"Thank you," I say, "it's very nice."
Outside the room she now repairs,
And calls to Ann upon the stairs,
"The other kidney that you brought,
Cook it at once, *'tis as I thought.*"
My tea concluded, chatting done,
I hint 'tis time that I was gone.
"So soon! Now really, I declare
You're always in a hurry here."

" P'rhaps so," I say, " but 'tis my whim,
I always like to keep good time."
" Just as you like, of course, if go
You say you will, you will I know."
She hands my hat, then walks before
All smiles and graces to the door.
" Dear me," she says, " 'tis growing late,
You'd better now to supper wait.
You surely can't have much to do
At such a time." I answer, " No.
Your offer is so very kind,
To say the least, I do not mind
If I avail myself." But oh
To see the hopeless look of woe
That ere I've time to move a pace
Flits suddenly across her face.
To some it were enough, outright
To take away their appetite.

Back to the parlour I repair,
And Mrs. B. resumes her chair.
Then laughs and chats as best she can,
But soon, however, summons Ann,

" Make haste, bring up the cold roast mutton,"
And then I hear a word like *glutton.*
The cloth is laid, the viands up,
For four besides myself to sup.
We take our seats, myself and three,
And last of all comes Mrs. B.
Apologising for her table,
She looks as pleased as she is able.
" Now pray excuse us being rough."
I smile—I see there's not enough ;
Yet while she presses me to eat,
I never fail to pass my plate;
Till when at length our meal is done,
One ne'er surveys so clean a bone.
We chat another hour or so,
And then, of course, I rise to go.

'Tis strange, however much the teaching,
Whether by practice or by preaching,
Some folk their error will not see,
And so it is with Mrs. B.
She fears and yet provokes the ill
By being complimentary still.

And thus her strange infatuation
Begets the parting salutation.
" Now give my love to Mrs. A.
And mind you tell her what I say;
The days are now so bright, and clear,
I shall expect to see her here:
I know that she has lots to do,
But let her bring the children too;
Come, just for once—*you* name the day."
" Well really, I can hardly say,
For what with one thing and another,
Our visiting is such a bother."
" Now don't say so," says Mrs. B.
" I'm sure you never trouble me."
" Of that," I say, " you must know best,
To me 'tis toil to be a guest.
Still since you wish to see us soon,
Suppose we say to-morrow noon."

There are some very naughty words
Which cautious poet ne'er records;
But if from these two lines you guess,
All I can gather from her face,

I am convinced you would much rather
That I proceed with this no farther;
Still let me this remark append,
And there we'll let the matter end:
If by such folk as just now cited—
Well knowing them—I am invited
To dinner, supper, or to tea,
Whate'er the meal may hap to be,
I'd walk two miles—yes, I repeat it—
I'd walk two miles—through rain—to eat it!

EPITAPH ON A RETRIEVER.

Here lieth one by Friendship mourn'd,
For trusty friend was "Rock,"
An honest hound of goodly parts,
Come of a goodly stock.

For all the duties of his race
No better dog was known:
Retrieving for his master's good,
He brought about his own.

As brave as any dog need be,
And yet withal as mild:
To seize a robber by the throat,
Or gambol with a child.

But short his day, though long enough
To prove his sterling worth;
He gave a farewell bark, and soon
Went back to mother earth

Now all ye dogs, whose tearful gaze
Proclaim how sore ye grieve,
Go practise duty all your days,
And all your time retrieve.

Know, envious hounds, who grudge the mark
Which worth secures at death,
This tablet's but a modest stone,
But "Rock" lies underneath.

A
DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"And have you seen the baby, George?"
Ask'd little Mrs. T.
"The baby, Kate, of course I have,
Who else came I to see?"

"And don't you think—there, no—I won't,
I won't ask, I declare—
Just state your own opinion now—
Is it not a little dear?"

"A little dear," said I with warmth,
"'Twill one day be a queen,
Not of a country and its cares—
Of beauty, Kate, I mean."

"Oh, nonsense, George—how can you now—
You know you're flattering."
"But really, Mrs. T.," said I,
"I'm doing no such thing."

"What, really! do you mean it now?"
"Yes, every word I've said."
"Then tell me, pray, whatever put
Such notion in your head."

"'Twas this: An ancient adage runs,
And one we still retain—
That babies when too pretty born,
Will grow up very plain.

But yours must e'en contrary-way
The adage prove a wise one,
For 'tis the plainest little thing
I ever clapp'd my eyes on!"

THE END.